AN EPITAPH UPON THE Solemn League and Covenant.

Condemned to be burnt by the Common Hangman.

SO young? and muſt thou, like an old Witch, burn?
And none but *Gregory* celebrate thine Urn?
Thou art, though old enough, ſcarce yet adult,
And infancy ſometimes reprieves a mulct.
But juſter Laws, here, no demurres allow,
Nor hadſt thou benefit of thy Clergy now.
Alas, gude Covenant! but moſt forlorn,
For thou art damn'd; ſome, as yet, but forſworn.
Before, thou waſt but tinder for the pipe,
Guarded Pye-bottomes, or ſome worſe thing wipe.
In Boneſires, now, Comrades with pitch and tar,
Yet, didſt live, with *Nols* Noſe, a Salamander.
Thou 'rt water-proof, if tears could drown'd, thou ne're
Hadſt liv'd to ſee this Clymacterick year.
This fiery Furnace proves thee, if unſmutcht
With flames, thou 'rt Saint; Impoſture, if thou 'rt toucht.
Oh for ſome juice of onions! or ſome Quack
With Mountebanck receipts to skreen thy wrack!
Ha's ne're a zealous Cheat, now, ſome (left) ſhift?
No help at maw? to ſave at a dead lift?
What? ne're a *Scottiſh* miſt to dampe thy blaze?
No Exorciſt? for aid thy Sire to raiſe?
No Charm in Goggle-eye? no canting tone?
To fence thee from theſe flames? alas! there's none.
My Bennyſon go with thee, and that *Scot*
That brooding hatcht thee in his Rebel-plot.
May *Cleavelands* Plagues light on thee, till, poor fool,
This ſheet do preach thee to thy *Pennance ſtool.*
Shall *England* with a *Scot* Prieſt-ridden be?
No, trayn your Meggye's to your Cavalry.
Pity your Cheverran lungs, ride with a Hanck,
Take a ſob with your Halties, or your Brancks.
You 've rid us almoſt out of breath, but now
The Reaſty jade does her old burthen throw.
The *Scot* was Englands fit-faſt, but, now, when
Will yow (diſmounted thus) get up agen?
If e're you do—— but Heavens forbid the evil!
For, Horſe a beggar, he'le ride to the Devil.
Your long Grace cannot cater a Dinner now,
We are uncheated, feed on *Poddillow*,
Your *Sowins*, and your *long-kale*, the time's come
That *Scots* muſt keep Lent all the year at home.
Chymiſts, from the groſſe fleſh, the Spirits call,
But, *Scots* to get fleſh, are ſpiritual.
Magiſter Artis venter, th' Covenant
Was th' iſſue of your hungry weambs and want:
So, this juſt Execution will become
To *Jockye*, Sacriledge and Martyrdome.
Yow coyn'd this League for Caſh, this *Judas* kiſſe
Was the damn'd Prologue of your avarice;
Thus Curres do bite and fawn at the ſame ſeaſon,
The *Scotch* Hail maſter ſpells in *Engliſh*, treaſon.
And 'larums us, as thoſe that knew *Argyle*,
Stood on their Guard when he begun to ſmile.
We now ſhall hear each ſnivelling *John a'Oak*
Whining, the cauſe! thus *Toads*, when hungry, croak.
Your long-wind-ſermon-tones is ventriloquie,
'Tis famine opes the yawning mouth of *Jockye*.
I wrong yow not, ſure now, yow humbled are,
Before, no Prelate, Proud, like Presbyter,
I do believe yow do Repent and Faſt,
Good reaſon, for the Poſſets do not laſt,
And the back-ſliding ſiſter-hood does now,
Weary of Rochet-Jack, the Courtier wooe.
No Bodkins, now, nor thimbles, as of old,
Cull'd charity, like water heat, moſt cold.
The Prentice-rabble that did club of late
For this League, now, its Doom, do antidate.
Thou waſt, poor ſheet, the only *Veſtery*
Our Heteroclite Sects did all agree
To ſhrowd them with, theſe fig-leaves caſt away,
Ther'le be no Adamites, ſo nak'd as they.
Oh Brethren of *New-England*! croſſe the Main,
Come and rethump the Pulpits o're again:
We 're, as yow were, when *Hugh* came firſt, ſome reaſon
To bo-peep with a Text, to guiſe a treaſon.
But, hold, ſure your invention's barren, cheats
In jugling never u'e (diſcover'd) feats:
Except they do remove their ſtage, to try
For freſh acceptance in new Company.
The Knapperdolling's (thus) in *Germany*
Unmaskt, to *England* and to *Scotland* fly.
And, here, their forgeries, again, retriev'd,
Their next flight for *New England* is believ'd,
Scarce Cicatrih'd, yet are the *German* Scars,
Theſe ſad mementoes of Phanatique warres:
Yet, *Britain* 's ulcer's, ſtill malignant be,
But Cancers are beſt cur'd with *cauterie*,
May our Rebellious Leproſies at laſt
Be expiated with this Holocauſt.

By E. H

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